

The Lamoille News.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE POLITICAL, ECONOMICAL AND DOMESTIC INTERESTS OF LAMOILLE COUNTY.

VOL. IV. NO. 24.

HYDE PARK, VT., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1880.

WHOLE NO. 180.

A RINGING SPEECH

ADDRESS OF GENERAL JOSEPH R. HAWLEY.

Why the Republican Party Ought to be Sustained in November—Its War and Financial Record—The Solid South.

The following is the address of General Joseph R. Hawley at a large and enthusiastic meeting in Brooklyn:

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I am amazed. I thought I should probably address a thousand people to-night. I take it with encouragement—very little for myself, for it only frightens me—but as an encouragement to the high hopes we have begun to entertain of the success of the Republican party in the coming election. (Applause.) I come to ask you to vote the Republican ticket this fall; and yet every time I ask the question I feel that it would be enough to refer you to the history of the country for twenty years past. (Applause.) That is my argument; but it is not the argument of the other side. As soon as a Republican speaker turns backward for a few moments, as he is irresistibly compelled to do, the Democratic editor reproaches him with stirring up the dead issues of the past. (Laughter.) It is impossible for a Republican to speak without boasting of his record, without glorifying in the past; and as time passes all this will become more and more worthy of the orator and the poet. (Applause.) No man is reproached with reading again and again the Iliad. No schoolboy is reproached because he declaims for the twentieth time the orations of Webster. Those things will occupy a part in history which all men will be proud to rehearse.

If you were to go into a strange town, and, turning around a corner should hear a man speaking to a crowd saying, "I belong to a great party, which overthrew the most gigantic rebellion the world ever saw, and re-established the Union," you would say in a moment, "I have got into a Republican meeting." (Laughter and applause.) For no Democrat ever thinks of opening with that. And if you should pass to another town, or another part of the same place, and hear a man say with effusion, "I thank God that my party struck the last chain from a human being in this land, and made him truly free forever," you would say, "That is not a Democratic meeting." (Great laughter and applause.) One sentence is enough. And again if a speaker should say, "Mine is the party which believes in republican government, and did not stop short of making every intelligent, honest man a voter in the land." (Applause.) You know again what party could say that. (Applause.) Again hearing a man say, "I belong to a party that took every human being in the land, without prejudice of race or nationality, and made him equal to any other man in the witness-box, in the jury-box and before the judge." You know what party claims that. (Applause.) And you shall hear him rehearse a long line of glorious deeds; while the man upon the other side is compelled to stand up and his friends persistently oppose it all, and uniformly failed. (Loud applause.)

THE MEANING OF TRUE DEMOCRACY.

I am surprised often, and more grieved, to see how many men, coming here and becoming our adopted fellow-citizens, are misled by the name "Democracy." What ever there is good in that word, whatever of generosity or humanity or Christianity there is in it belongs to us. What is democracy? What has been the work of a Democratic government? What has been its work in the last twenty-five years? To have permitted this land to be divided, to have two republics, one boasting of slavery and one of freedom—an eternal gulf between them; it would have been to put back the cause of free government a century. Yes, more than a century it would have taken to regain the confidence of the world. The nations of Europe, now and to come, had a stake in the struggle. All the enemies of republican government looked on and expressed the wish that we might fail. They said: "These people cannot tax themselves; you will not see a popular government meet a gigantic load of debt and service hundreds of thousands of lives in the field. It is only a concentrated power, a semi-despotic government that would do this." Yet we were to offer for future generations the spectacle of a free people carrying on a long war, subjecting themselves to immense burdens, and expending from the treasury millions and millions of dollars. (Applause.) We laid in their graves, first and last, half a million of our best and bravest boys, and all for a great and good cause. Was not this true democracy? Was it not a democratic war to set free three millions of slaves. (Applause.) Is there anything more democratic in the world?

Was it not a democratic thing to make them all equal in their political rights? To take an unlimited number of acres of land, and not to peddle them out in detail, but to treat them as a great public trust, handing directly to encourage the poor man to make himself a land owner and a farmer, and to bring to our shores the citizens of the world—was not that democracy? (Applause.) Our party, I hope everywhere, is the friend of universal education. Is not that democracy? (Applause.)

THE PARTY'S FINANCIAL RECORD.

And there was another act as great as suppressing the rebellion; it was the payment of the public debt. (Applause.) For

the critics would have said, "All people can fight." They did not expect that a free people, after their blood was cooled, would take up such a great burden as the struggle entailed, of millions upon millions, and pay all the obligations. (Applause.) If we had failed in that, all that had gone before would have amounted to nothing. And yet people come here by the hundreds of thousands, become fellow-citizens, and fall in with that party which bears the name only of Democracy. They have associated with the Liberals of England and of Ireland, and still identify themselves with the party which has the sympathy of Tories and Conservatives and aristocrats. You Republicans who go to England find yourselves in the company of Liberals; and yet many of those who come from Liberal associations ally themselves with our opponents; it is amazing; it is incomprehensible.

We have no way of judging of the future except by looking at the past. One cannot know anything of a party except by examining its past deeds and professions. It would be an extraordinary competition between two men seeking the position of a superintendency of a factory, for one to refuse to tell what he had been doing for the past twenty years, and the other taking pride in showing how he had managed the various establishments of which he has had charge; one running his charge into debt and ruin, the other building up and preserving the credit of his business. This is the same view, however, which may be taken of the condition of the two parties of the present time.

I do not pretend to say that I am going to be eloquent. I can't. I only desire to have a little conversation with you. The Republican party has brought the country to a condition of unexampled prosperity. We issued our notes, and we said we would make them ultimately as good as coin, and they bear upon their face the announcement that they are as good as coin. When we undertook to carry out our promises, the Democratic party opposed us. They were opposed to the great act that Grant—(loud and long continued cheering)—I did not know that I was about to touch powder. (Great applause and laughter.) I will always join in any tribute to Ulysses S. Grant. (Great cheers.) I do not care what personal feelings I may have had, we forget those things in looking at the man who led us through in triumph. (Cheers.) Serene amid alarms, inflexible in faith, invincible in arms. (Great cheers.) The first act signed by General Grant pledged the faith of this nation to the payment of the bonds according to their letter and spirit, and the redemption of the greenback, the legal-tenders, in coin at the earliest practicable moment. That solemn pledge the Republican party has kept. (Cheers.) At the end of the war we had \$150,000,000 of interest to pay; now we have only \$70,000,000 of interest to pay. And the reduction of the debt has partly been by payment of bonds, and the interest partly by borrowing at lower rates. And when General Garfield (great cheers) and his secretary, waving his handkerchief, led—and when General Garfield and his secretary of the treasury shall begin their labor the interest will be about \$70,000,000. (Cheers.)

Before the war we had as many systems of banking as we had States, and you have heard the old story, that when traveling you had to get your money changed as you went from State to State. For the first time in the history of the Republic a party we have a system of currency that deserves the name. We have had twenty-five or thirty or thirty-five systems of all imaginable descriptions, but what did they amount to?

NO ASSISTANCE FROM THE DEMOCRATS.

In 1869 we promised to make a resumption of specie payments, and pledged ourselves in Congress to do this. I refer you especially to the act of March of that year; and I ask you to review that record carefully, and see if the Democratic party, in good faith, assisted in that obvious duty. I ask you to see if Democrats did not vote against it. The time came when it was necessary to fix a day on which this resumption should begin. The Democrats opposed that. A few Republicans opposed it, but not on the same ground. They opposed it because they thought the bill did not go far enough. But we passed the bill, and it has prospered us better than any one of its strongest supporters prophesied. The country promised to resume on the first of January, 1879, and the Democratic party then assumed the role of Jeremiah and prophesied disaster before and after that day. They appointed committees in the House, and called before them the business men of New York and other cities, in order to show that resumption could not take place. They talked about the immediate exhaustion of the gold supply, and offered some great sum for the privilege of being first in the list at the treasury door on the first of January, 1879. And yet gold went down, and the Republican secretary of the treasury (applause)—that is good, because John Sherman will be known (renewed applause) as one of the truest and ablest financiers that ever served the country. (Applause.) Through all this opposition and all these prophecies of calamity, the secretary of the treasury went steadily on and by the time appointed for resumption he had accumulated millions of gold, but nobody appeared to claim it. Gold had gone down, your paper had gone up to the standard value of gold some days before. (Applause.)

Now what a record it is for a party to be able to show that it did all these things?

Compare this record, if you choose, with all the Democrats have to show. Go back to the days of Jackson and the others. I notice the illimitable disaster that followed their financial acts. Take the government of Buchanan. They had to borrow money at twelve per cent. in those days, and their six per cent. bonds stood eighty or ninety in the market in Wall street. This is a very fair example of their financial wisdom.

Look at the general prosperity of the country. When resumption came to pass January 1, 1879, there preceded it the general feeling of gladness and lightness as is felt when spring approaches. Business revived, and from the day that it became absolutely certain, we entered upon an unexampled career of prosperity. Besides the increase in our favor of the balance of trade, there are other evidences of our prosperity. I have referred to our credit in the stock markets of the whole world. There is an evidence from a humbler class of people. During the last fiscal year 455,000 people, mostly of the poorer or middle classes, came to this country to make it their home. (Applause.) There came within the last six months 328,000, showing that in all probability the total by the first of next March will be 650,000, enough to make another State of Connecticut with its four members of Congress. (Laughter and applause.)

THE DEMOCRATIC POLICY.

The Democratic party now pledges itself anew to the ancient policy of the party. If you have been able to discover what that is you have done better than I have. It implies one thing, the assertion of what they call State rights as against Federal supremacy. That party stands before us hostile to the national bank system; it stands before us hostile to even the incidental protection of American industry; it stands before us hostile even to the Federal election laws; it is, in general, against whatever good has been done or promised.

With reference to the attitude of the Democrats in regard to the employment of force in the support of the national government, I assert that there is not a second of time in the year, on election day or any other, nor is there an inch of space in this land, before the ballot-box or anywhere else, during which or at which the United States government has not a right to compel obedience to its laws. (Loud and continued applause.) During the period that the Democrats have had control of the House of Representatives and the Senate, what bill have they put through those houses which they could use as an issue in this campaign? Not one. The thirty-seven investigating and scavenging committees which they appointed spent \$263,000 and discovered nothing. There never was such a period of wasteful extravagance as that comprised by the two terms of Jackson and the one of Van Buren. For every \$1,000 collected during Jackson's administration there was a loss of \$10; during Van Buren's time there was a loss of \$11.71; during Grant's time there was a loss of thirty-four cents on \$1,000; and during Hayes' three years the loss was one third of one per cent. (Applause.) These are Secretary Sherman's figures, and I hope there will be a Democratic committee of investigation to verify them. (Laughter and applause.)

THE SOLID SOUTH.

A few words on the Solid South. I didn't invent that. The Republican paper didn't invent it. I am like the Spanish boy, when asked by the bishop who made the world. "I don't know, sir," he replied. "What! Don't know?" "I didn't, sir; and if I did, I won't do it again," was the sobbing reply. The Democrats have made the Solid South. They have made a boast of it. They have not forgotten the war. They admit that they were defeated—defeated by our superior numbers; they do not admit that they were in the wrong. And they hand themselves together now, with the hope that at last Gettysburg will be avenged. The Democratic party is the South, with a little Northern attachment. You I know will not support such a party. I congratulate you on your magnificent prospects as a party, and feel assured that you will be successful in this campaign. (Loud applause.)

What the Republicans Have Done.

When the Republicans came into control of the government they were confronted by an armed rebellion; the authority of the nation was defied in nearly one-half the Union; they were opposed by a hostile and rebel government; the army and navy of the Union were dispersed; the arsenals were depleted; the treasury was beggared; the credit of the government was destroyed, and all this was the work of the Democratic party. The Republican party proved equal to the perilous situation.

They denounced southern nullification. They declared secession impossible. They affirmed the supremacy of the nation. They called out the militia to sustain the laws. They raised enormous armies and navies to suppress rebellion. They encouraged enlistments. They raised money to sustain the war. They emancipated the slaves. They armed the negroes. They sustained and upheld President Lincoln. They conquered the rebellion. They preserved the Union. They were merciful to the captured rebels. They disbanded and restored the vast army to a peace footing.

They adopted the Constitutional amendments giving freedom, the franchise, and civil rights to the slaves.

They cared for the soldiers and sailors of the Union.

They cared for their widows and orphans.

They found war and restored peace.

They found slavery and they gave freedom.

They abolished the "wild cat" currency of the States.

They gave the people the best secured currency in the world.

They have saved the people from the loss of millions of dollars each year in broken bank bills.

They have saved the people millions of dollars each year by making the currency of equal value in every part of the country.

They have restored the credit of the government.

They have reduced the interest-bearing debt of the nation \$627,537,194.

They have reduced the annual interest charges from \$150,977,697 to \$79,633,981, a saving of \$71,343,716 a year.

They have maintained the national faith and honor.

They passed the resumption act.

They defeated inflation and opposed "flat money."

They made the greenback worth 100 cents on the dollar.

They have protected American industries.

They have collected the public revenues at a less percentage of cost than ever before.

They have handled the moneys of the government at a less percentage of loss than ever before.

They have secured peace to the country at home and abroad.

They have made the name American respected in all quarters of the world.

They have secured for the Union a foremost place among the nations of the earth.

And all this the Republicans have done in the face of Democratic obstruction and hostility.

Why should a party with this record be set aside to give place to a party that opposed and resisted these measures at every step, and would, if possible, have defeated every one of these Republican acts of wisdom, to which the country to-day owes its unity and prosperity?—*Detroit Tribune.*

Sea-Coast Superstitions.

Sea-coast people, like sailors, are full of superstitions. Near Cape Henlopen there are some remarkable dunes, or hills of sand, about which the fishermen have hung legends as remarkable. These dunes arise out of the sea, apparently without any cause, and advance steadily to the south, inexorably burying whatever comes in their way. A lofty pine forest near Henlopen shows now but a few twigs of its topmost branches.

The coast people account for them by the story that a pirate ship was wrecked on this beach in 1680, and that when the drowned pirates were given Christian burial, the angry sea sent in these living hills of sand to punish the sacrilege. It is a fact that they have covered the homes of the people who buried the pirates, while the graves long since were buried by the tide, and the bones washed back into the ocean.

A singular fact is that of the large dunes which exist in the Landes of Southern France, similar legends are told. These vast hills, in their terrible march, have covered whole villages and farms, and according to the coast people, they are always the messengers of God, sent to avenge some impiety against God.

Among the fishermen on our Northern coast, it is believed that a child cannot die until the mother submits to let him go. "God," they say, "gives the mother a share absolutely in her child, and until she gives it up, death cannot take it." Another belief is that death among coast people always takes place with the turn of the tide, or that "the soul goes out with the sea."

Farther south, there is a superstition which sentences the souls of those unstable human beings who have been neither good nor bad in life, who had neither courage to resist the devil, nor openly to join him, to float forever in the mist and fog, unable to rest, on land or sea. Another makes the sea-hill and fishes the abode of condemned spirits.

It would be curious to trace these superstitions to their source, and find whether they have originated in the imagination of sailors and fishermen during their lonely lives, or are merely the fragments of old heathen beliefs still lingering in these isolated corners of the world, among the descendants of old Saxons and Scandinavians.

The oldest story probably in the United States is the one which warms the ball of Virginia's capital, in Richmond. It was made in England and sent to Richmond in 1770, and warmed the house of Burgesses for sixty years before it was removed to its present location, where it has remained for thirty years. It has survived three British monarchs; has been contemporaneous with three monarchs, three republics and two imperial governments of France.

Harold St. Clair Athelton sends us a love of a poem beginning, "Sweetly, the roses bloom on my breast." Harold, thou child of genius, change your shirt and take a bath this minute. Next thing you know you will just be covered with plantains and dog fennel, or some man will come along and plant you down in cabbage.—*Flaakey.*

Dropping a Seed.

The lands were still; the skies were gray with weeping. Into the soft brown earth the seed she cast; Oh! soon, she cried, will come the time of reaping.

The golden time when clouds and tears are past! There came a whisper through the autumn haze,

"Yes, thou shalt find it after many days." Hour after hour she marks the fitful gleaming Of sunlight stealing through the cloudy lit;

Hour after hour she fingers, idly dreaming, To see the rain fall, and the dead leaves drift;

Oh! for some small green sign of life, she prays, Have I not watched and waited "many days."

At early morning, chilled and sad, she hearkens To stormy winds that through the willows blow;

For over hill and plain the heaven darkens, Her field is covered with a shroud of snow; Ah, Lord! she sighs, are these thy loving ways?

He answers—"Spake I not of many days?" The snow-drops bloom; the purple violet glitters

On banks of moss that take the sparkling showers; Hail cheered, hail doubting yet, she strays and listens

To robins singing to the shy young flowers; A little longer still his love delays The promised blessing—"after many days."

"Oh, happy world!" she cries, "the sun is shining! Above the soil I see the springing green; I could not trust his word without repining,

I could not wait in peace for things unseen; Forgive me, Lord, my soul is full of praise, My doubting heart prolonged thy 'many days.'"

Uncle Versus Nephew.

The belle of the season, at Atlantic City, this year, was Adrienne Vail. A dark-eyed beauty, with one of those rich, wine-warm complexions that remind one of Egyptian Cleopatra, lovely red lips, and white arms sparkling with

coronets of precious stones and bands of dead-gold; and in the purple light of the setting sun, as she sat there in Major Brabazon's barouche, with the foam-fountains of the sea on one side, and the yellow sands on the other, she was as beautiful as a dream!

Nor was she unobserved by the stream of gay promenaders along the shore. "It's a forgone conclusion," said old Doctor Pounce.

"She'll marry Brabazon, of course," said Mrs. Alleyne.

"She'll marry the richest man who presents himself, no matter who he is," observed Captain Dagon, spitefully.

"The Brabazons are a wealthy family," remarked Doctor Pounce.

"Not that this young fellow has much of his own, but his uncle, old Barney Brabazon, is the richest planter in Louisiana, without chick or child to inherit his wealth."

"You may depend upon it, Miss Vail has taken all that into consideration," said Mrs. Alleyne, with the quiet malice which one woman often exhibits in speaking of another. "She's the most mercenary creature on the face of the globe!"

Mrs. Alleyne had spoken, if vindictively, still truly. Adrienne Vail, with her angel-face and voice of low-toned music, was rather inclined to view mankind through the dollar-and-cent medium.

Her face was her fortune. She had been educated by a scheming mother, who, herself pinched and cramped by perpetual want, had resolved that Adrienne should bring her radiant beauty to the best possible market, and thus redeem the low estate of the family fortunes.

Adrienne's girlhood had not been like that of other children; she had tasted poverty, and been trained in the belief that happiness could only be attained by means of a golden spell.

"You must marry, and you must marry rich," was the precept which her mother was perpetually dinnning into her ears—nor was she likely to forget the battle cry, now that she was on the actual field of action.

"And I suppose," said Mrs. Alleyne, biting her lips, as she saw her own red-haired, sandy-complexioned daughter walking without any escort on the beach, "Brabazon's fool enough to believe that she really loves him for himself."

Yes, Brabazon was just such a fool! He was madly in love with the beautiful brunette—he was in a paradise of bliss as long as she sat by his side and smiled on him with those wonderful eyes of hers—and he firmly believed that, with the magnetism of true love, she shared his every emotion.

They were engaged—that is, subject to old Barney Brabazon's approval, for Adrienne knew that her young suitor had no patrimony of his own, and she had no mind to risk "love in a cottage" even for the sake of handsome Allan Brabazon.

"He stands in a father's place to you Allan," she said; "and my standard of filial duty is high."

"He cannot help admiring you when he comes," declared Allan Brabazon, who had already written to his uncle upon the subject.

Old Barney arrived at last—a yellow-skinned, bilious-looking man, with iron-gray hair, rumpled in a crest on the top of his head, and a pair of black eyes that glowed like coals of fire beneath his shaggy pent-houses of brows.

His dress was of coarse brown tweed; his boots thick; his hat a flapping Panama, which half concealed his blunt features. But his linen was exquisitely fine, buttoned with diamond sparks, and on his finger he wore an emerald ring which represented almost the value of a king's ransom.

"Well?" quoth old Barney, fixing an inquiring eye on his nephew. "Uncle," cried the young man, enthusiastically, "she is an angel!"

"I'll have a look at her before I make up my mind on the subject," said Uncle Barney.

He was taken to call on Miss Vail, and like most other gentlemen he "went down" at the first sparkle of her liquid, dark eyes.

"By Jupiter, Allan, you're right!" said Uncle Barney. "She's the prettiest girl I ever saw in my life."

So the gay season went on. The clash of the viols, cornets and trombones made musical answer to the dissonance of the waves; grim old dowagers played cards; battered beaux smoked their cigars and strove to rejuvenate themselves once more in the fragrance of the sea-air; pretty girls flirted; handsome cavaliers held fans and bouquets, and newspaper correspondents invented all sorts of facts for the New York and Philadelphia daily press. And as time went by, a rumor gained credence, to the effect that Uncle Barney Brabazon was outsting his nephew from the affections of the beautiful Miss Vail.

"There!" said Mrs. Vail, her witch-like countenance assuming a radiant expression. "Here it is in black and white. An offer of marriage! My dear, you'll be the richest woman south of Mason and Dixon's line."

Adrienne, in a lovely dishabille of white cashmere and rose-pink ribbons, sat looking at the letter, with something of dismay upon her countenance. "Write and accept him at once," urged Mrs. Vail.

"What! that old man?" "Old man!" screamed Mrs. Vail. "The richest planter in Louisiana! Why, child, every diamond that he wears is a fortune in itself."

"But I don't love him," pleaded Adrienne, in a low voice.

"Love—bah!" screamed the old lady. "What does love amount to? A little sugar and honey, a few sweetmeats, and starvation for the rest of your life. I made a love-match—and see what a drudging career mine has been. Adrienne, don't be a fool! You will never have a such another chance as this."

Said Adrienne hesitated.

"Mamma," she said, "I am engaged to Allan, and—I love him. And I will be his wife!"

"But, child, don't you see what ruin that will bring upon us?" breathlessly cried Mrs. Vail. "Allan hasn't a penny of his own, and if he offends his uncle—"

"He can work for a living, mamma, like other men."

"Work—for a living!" snarled the old lady, displaying a set of yellow teeth that would have done credit to a hyena. "And you live in a flat, and do up your own laces in the wash-bowl to save the laundress' bill, and turn your own silk dresses, and darn your husband's stockings, to lighten the expenses—you, that have the chance to baton your gown with diamonds, and live in a palace!"

"Mamma," cried Adrienne, "what would life in a palace be worth without the man you love? I won't marry old Mr. Brabazon, and I will marry Allan, if I have to live in barracks with him, or ride around the world in a baggage wagon!"

And this was the end of Miss Vail's "mercenary" career. She wrote a resolute little note to Mr. Brabazon, while her mother indulged in a good, old-fashioned fit of hysterics. The note was worded as follows:

"I like you very much, but I loved Allan long before I ever saw you, and I don't think I can be happy with any one but Allan; so, if you please, Mr. Brabazon, I must decline your kind offer. And pray—pray, don't be any more angry with me than you can help."

Mr. Brabazon read the little, tear-stained note, and folding it grimly up went across to the hotel where his nephew was staying.

"Well, lad," said he, "I have offered myself—myself, mind, the richest man in Louisiana—to Adrienne Vail."

"Uncle!"

Allan started to his feet, turning alternately red and pale.

"And she has—refused me!"

The young man was deadly white now. He scarcely knew what he had feared or hoped—he only felt the intense relief of knowing that Adrienne was still true to him.

"My own true love," he muttered, between his teeth; "my little dark-eyed jewel! If she had played me false, uncle, I believe I should have been tempted to commit suicide!"

"Umph—umph!" grunted Uncle Barney. "Love—love!" How these young people talk! And what, may I venture to ask, do you expect to live on?"

"I can work, Uncle Barney, for her sake," said Allan, bravely.

"Very well," said Uncle Barney. "Let's go and tell her so."

Adrienne was looking lovelier than ever, with flushed cheeks, eyes glittering with excitement and rose-red lips.

"How is this, young woman?" demanded Uncle Barney. "Every one at Atlantic City told me you were a fortune-hunter. And yet I've offered you a fortune, and you have up and down declined it!"

"Because I loved Allan better than all the gold of California!" said Adrienne, with drooping eyelashes.

"Come here and kiss me, my dear,"

his boots thick; his hat a flapping Panama, which half concealed his blunt features. But his linen was exquisitely fine, buttoned with diamond sparks, and on his finger he wore an emerald ring which represented almost the value of a king's ransom.

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